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HESPERIDES

POEMS

and

SONGS



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HESPERIDES

POEMS AND SONGS

By
GEORGE POMROY

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INDEX.

A Flag of Truce	81
A Mother's Pride	66
All the Summer	73
Balm from Gilead	74
Benny's Repentance	94
Be Sampson Like	58
Bird of Jove	16
Bitter Waters	50
Border Song	20
Bronze and Marble	9
Celeste	64
Columbia's Flag	36
Come Back Wild Bird	65
Come, Come, Come	18
Down to the Sea	70
Dying So Young	42
Fame	10
Flowers for the Dead	87
For Fatherland	12
Heaven's Roll Call	41
Hesperides	7
How Often, O How Often	59

INDEX.—*Continued.*

Long Ago	86
Manassas	26
Memorial Hymn	80
Miss Helen Gray	89
Morning Hymn	34
Mothers Will Weep	49
Mustered Out	67
Native Land	13
On the Skirmish Line	48
Our Banner	24
Outward Bound	93
Passion	40
Past and Present	11
Peace and War	61
Reveille	22
Sing Bird	46
Somebody's Boy Must Go	28
Sons of Veterans	88
The Balls That Missed	72
The Battle Field	43
The Court's Decree	17

INDEX.—*Continued.*

The Drummer Boy	45
The Exile	47
The Field of White Clover	37
The Last March	77
The Last Parade	76
The Last Tattoo	85
The Lily	23
The New Recruit	68
The Outcast	30
The Shelter Tent	75
The Veterans	78
Tocsin of War	27
Vicksburg	51
Wardship of the Union	35
Weep, Maidens Weep	63
When the Battle's Over	60
Why Sing of War	63

HESPERIDES.

Fair garden of Hesperides!
We bless the far old centuries
For keeping thee, the earth's delight,
Long hidden in the dreamy night
Of legend as enchanted realm,
Till ship had pilot at the helm.

The ancient race of men were wise
As wisdom seems to children's eyes;
Their golden age was fruitful theme
For sage and seer's romantic dream,
And round their dim forgotten past
A rainbow-colored halo cast.

Beyond their own familiar strand,
The world was all a wonder land
Of realms with fabled groves and streams
As pictured to their waking dreams
And fairest, and most famed of these,
Was garden of Hesperides.

Great nature's work their minds so awed,
They made each hidden power a god,
Till mountain, grove, fair isle and sea,
Have each their patron deity;
All these divinities had mates,
And all were subject to the fates.

While wandering from place to place,
The roving clans left little trace
Of path or foot-print on the way,
Still less of monument or sway.
Until from home in cave and tent
Rose empires of the orient.

Then by the blue Aegean's tide,
And where the Tiber's waters glide,
Wise oracles from sacred shrine
Came sanctified by lips divine;
Then shouts of victory resound
For war's triumphant victor crowned.

The builders of the nation's toil
For rude barbarian to spoil;
The night of empires with its gloom
Makes dark the buried kingdom's tomb;
While on and on the ages roll
As knell of centuries they toll.

The morning dawns, the weary earth
Beholds a new renaissance's birth;
Bold mariners have now begun
Far voyage toward setting sun,
And soon will reach long fabled realm,
For ship has pilot at the helm.

Columbia, thou wert the clime
Dreamed of by those of olden time;
Thy hill, and vales, bright crystal streams
Reveal the secret of their dreams;
The veil is lifted, we behold
The scroll of mystries unrolled.

BRONZE AND MARBLE.

Bronze and marble retain awhile
Cast of features, or frown, or smile ;
But the ages with sharp tooth gnaw
Here a blemish and there a flaw ;
While the centuries still prolong
Measure and chorus of martial song.

Cold are the lips of brass and stone,
Passionless their mute monotone,
And the burden of their appeal
Waking emotions they do not feel ;
While the dwellers in every clime
Are thrilled by the strains of heroic rhyme.

Few the lessons dumb statues teach,
Narrow range has their silent speech,
Armless gods with a stump of limb,
Sightless eyes with their vision dim
Tell the story of pagan art,
But pagan bard still thrills the heart.

FAME.

Life has its brightest star
In high ascendant,
When Fame's triumphal car
Rolls on resplendent.

Glory is brightest wreath
In honor's cluster,
All others pale beneath
Its brilliant luster.

Clarion's wildest note
Morning and even,
Paeans and praises float
Upward to heaven.

Build high a marble fane,
Over its portal
Grave, "treasure all are vain,
Fame is immortal."

PAST AND PRESENT.

While fame and glory's trophies cast
A mellow luster o'er the past;
The present age, for loving care
Of this rich luster, claims a share.

The red fires kindled long ago,
Would now be quenched or smolder low,
Did not fond memory delight
To keep these sacred fires bright.

It is the grateful hearts that bring
With holy zeal their offering;
While fervid lips in song and lay
Their softly cadenced tribute pay.

The living, not the dead, revere
The monuments and shrines they rear;
While trophied arch and dome above,
Are emblems of a nation's love.

FOR FATHERLAND.

For father'land our sires once rose
In majesty of thought and deed,
Against oppressions cruel creed
Against the host of freedom's foes ;
For father-land they braved war's tide,
For sake of father-land they died.

Shall we their sons be now less leal,
Our arm less strong, our hearts less bold?
O! no, more sacredly we hold
Above our lives, our country's weal ;
For father-land shall be our cry,
For sake of father-land we'll die.

O! skies above, O! mother earth!
More dearly now when dangers come,
And threaten heritage and home,
We love the land that gave us birth,
Come freeman all join heart and hand
For liberty and father-land.

NATIVE LAND.

Love burns in every bosom
With faint or warmer glow,
Its flames reach up to heaven
From fires lit here below;
Love has its shrines and altars
On every isle and strand,
But holiest, sweet incense
Goes up from native land.

Dear native land we sing thy praise
At rosy morn and even,
And may the music of our lays
From home and hall and lone by-ways
Be wafted up to heaven.

No clime however sunny,
Or in whatever zone,
Has glebe so dearly cherished
As fields our hands have sown;
No groves, no grassy meadows
Have such a cheerful band,
As songsters whose glad chorus
Goes up from native land.

Let children read the story
Of deeds their sires have done,
And learn from song and anthem
How freedom's cause was won;
So they will feel the rapture,
And ever know how grand
A heritage, and precious,
Is home and native land.

Dear native land we sing thy praise
At rosy morn and even,
And may the music of our lays
From home and hall and lone by-ways
Be wafted up to heaven.

WHY SING OF WAR?

Why sing of battle fields and war,
Loud tramp of marching feet,
Of glory's flaming, red, red star,
Of triumph and retreat?
While themes of more endearing song
If tuned by minstrel's art,
Would wake a far diviner throng
Of feeling in the heart.

Were life a dear, delightful trance,
A sweet romantic dream
Of fond angelic dalliance
By love-enchanted stream;
And were the fiercer passions chained
To kind affection's car,
The fields would all be left unstained,
Nor feel the tread of war.

But roused by jealousy or dread
Of bold usurper's claim,
Or for dominion blindly led
By greedy lust of fame;
The fieriest of the heart, deep hate,
Revenge and rage set free,
Rush on like beasts of prey to sate
Their wanton cruelty.

Then earth all stained with blood and crime
Of kinsman and of clan,
Would need no minstrelsy to rhyme
The brotherhood of man;
But love, and pity dewy-eyed,
And mercy, sisters three,
Turn wrath and enmity aside
With branch from olive tree.

In fullness of great sorrow lies
 Sublimity of woe,
And sweetest tears from saddest eyes
 Down pallid cheeks will flow,
 When their bereavements is for sires
 And sons they freely gave
To battle's sacrificial fires,
 The country's life to save.

Now peaceful years on shining wing
 For hearts forlorn and sad,
On each returning journey bring
 Sweet balm from Gilead;
And blood-anointed battle-field
 With monument and mound,
Becomes, when war's red wounds are healed,
 Dear, consecrated ground.

BIRD OF JOVE.

Alone and far above,
Where none his joy or sorrow ever know
With loathing scorn of all that crawl below
Sits Bird of Jove.

The rock with ages hoar,
And nearest to the sky is his abode,
The lightning plays along the trackless road
Up to its door.

There is majestic gloom
Around the craggy turrets of his home;
Celestial fires that blaze in heaven's blue dome
Its halls illumine.

No gates with forged locks bar,
For never foe can there rude entrance press,
And never guest or friend comes near, unless
A falling star.

No sound save his wild cry
Is ever heard to break the silence deep,
Unless the thunder wakens from its sleep,
To make reply.

Small pity and less love
For those who sigh and quake with childish fear
And battle danger with a falling tear
Has bird of Jove.

Well may proud nations bear
His image on their standards far and wide,
He is fit emblem of their hate and pride
In peace and war.

THE COURT'S DECREE.

At the judgment seat in old Charlestown,
In the felon's dock stands old John Brown,
The angels above are looking down ;
A sacred page in our history
Is that quaint record the court's decree.

Hanged by the neck, so the sentence read,
His unshrived sins upon his head,
Hanged by the neck till he's dead, dead, dead,
And may God have mercy upon his soul.

Dead is the body of old John Brown,
Dead and the hangman cut him down,
But dying he won a martyr's crown,
And brought in the year of Jubilee
Hastened along by the court's Decree.

Hanged by the neck for the red blood shed,
His unshrived sins upon his head,
Hanged by the neck till he's dead, dead, dead,
And may God have mercy upon his soul.

All this was changed in the old war times,
Men rang it out with their battle chimes,
They rang it out of the code of crimes ;
Now man may set his brother man free
And not fear death by the court's decree.

Hanged by the neck for the red blood shed,
His unshrived sins upon his head,
Hanged by the neck till he's dead, dead, dead,
And may God have mercy upon his soul.

COME, COME, COME.

From the morning's early dawn till the evening
 shadows fall,
Comes the warning sound of loud alarming drum;
Every beat a message tells, every note repeats the
 call
Saying come and save the country, freeman come.

Chorus:

Come, come, come the drums are beating,
 Harken freeman to the call,
For the country is betrayed,
 And unless you haste to aid,
Even liberty may perish in its fall.

All the sacred memories clinging round the nation's
 birth,
Lend their whisper to the music of the drum:
All these years with glory crowned shedding luster
 on the earth,
With their unseen lips now shout the chorus, come.

All the hopes of men enthralled and of bondmen
 everywhere
Rise to gladness at the echo of the drum;
Stormy winds and gentle breeze from the far-off
 dwellers bear
Joyful answer to the invocation, come.

Gentle mercy pleads for peace, but her prayers are
 all in vain,
For the swelling notes of loud alarming drum,
Beating up the march and charge, answers back
 with wilder strain,
Saying come a mighty host for triumph, come.

Now the dwellers by the sea, and on sunny glebe
and plain,
All have heard the sound of loud alarming drum,
And their mighty tramp is heard, and their song
with its refrain,
For our country and our banner now we come.

Chorus :

Come, come, come the drums are beating,
Harken freemen to the call,
For the country is betrayed
And unless you haste to aid,
Even liberty may perish in its fall.

BORDER SONG.

Led by the star of empire
From many a distant home,
To live and dwell in Kansas
These pioneers have come,
Their cabins and sod houses
Seem palaces to them,
Each claim a little kingdom,
And hope their diadem.

Just like the pilgrim fathers
Their banners once unfurled
Upon the cold and barren,
Bleak coast of the new world;
So these their sturdy children
Have come with hopeful dream,
To make the desert blossom
And with abundance teem.

Not led by wild ambition,
But peacefully they come
To seek man's highest blessing,
A hearth-stone and a home;
Like these the wild sunflower
Its mission once begun,
At morn bows to Aurora,
At eve to setting sun.

But clouds begin to lower,
Black thunder-clouds of war,
Their gloom has veiled the friendly
Light of the morning star;
And there is cautious whisper
When friends and neighbors meet,
While rumors wild go flitting
Along the village street.

The powder-horn and shot-pouch
Hang up against the wall
With greasy bullet-patches
Cut ready for the ball.

And in the chimney corner
 Above the corn-meal sack,
 The tried and trusty rifle
 Hangs in its wooden rack.
 But now the clans are rising
 From every squatter's home,
 To drive back the invaders
 The sons of freedom come;
 For all along the border
 By dark Missouri's flood
 Is smoke of burning cabin,
 And verdure stained with blood.
 The plow stands in the furrow,
 The fields unplanted lie
 Around the squatter's cabin
 The weeds are rank and high;
 The prairie-hen sits brooding
 Beneath the wild rose tree,
 No children's merry voices
 Disturb her with their glee.
 The conflict long in coming
 Is here, and now begun,
 These frontier's men for freedom
 Have fired the signal gun;
 And its far sound will echo
 From mountain back to sea,
 Until its mighty thunder
 Brings in the jubilee.
 It is the same old story
 Rung down with lengthened chime,
 These squatters hear its music,
 And answer with their rhyme;
 "Ours shall be land of freedom,
 Nor shall the galling chain
 Of slavery go clanking
 Upon the Kansas plain."

REVEILLE.

Now the drummer boy is beating
While the morning yet is dim,
Notes the shrill fife is repeating
Of the soldier's matin hymn.
Reveille, Reveille;
While the sergeant stands repeating
To the cadence of the hymn,
Reveille, Reveille.

Not like summons to the battle,
Nor for combats quick array
Is the measure and the rattle
Of the lively matin lay,
Reveille, Reveille;
Wake from dreaming says the rattle
Of the soldier's matin lay.
Reveille, Reveille.

But the battle leaves the number
Of the comrades less each time,
Who are wakened from their slumbers
By the music of the rhyme,
Reveille, Reveille;
For the dead wake not from slumber
At the music of the rhyme,
Reveille, Reveille.

THE LILY.

The lily, what a royal gem
To deck the summer bowers,
The fairest, richest diadem
Of all among the flowers.

Its classic mold and symmetry
Excel arts best endeavors,
The beauty of its bloom will be
A joyfulness forever.

The poets wreathe it in their hymn
When they divinely warble;
Around the goblets carved rim
It blooms in sculptured marble.

The lily's legendary fame
Came down along the ages,
Until the luster of its name
Flashed from historic pages.

It is an emblem, chosen well,
Of loveliness and glory,
But lends the magic of its spell
To sacred song and story.

OUR BANNER.

Every nation has its standard though they differ
much in hue,
But the banner of our country is most beautiful to
view;
Stripes of red, and white the purest, then a field of
azure blue,
Where stars shine night and day.

Chorus:

Brightly, brightly on our banner,
Brightly, brightly on our banner,
Brightly, brightly on our banner,
The stars shine night and day.

It is liberty's glad emblem to all people in distress,
And the glory of its mission is to comfort and to
bless;
Never shall its folds be tarnished, never will be
lusterless,
Where stars shine night and day.

Tyranny and hoary thralldom from their thrones
were quickly hurled,
Then a shout went up to heaven for the freedom of
the world,
And the nations hailed its coming when our banner
was unfurled
Where stars shine night and day.

Toilers weary of oppression in their homes beyond
the seas,
Patriots in their devotion, holy men upon their
knees,
Crave a blessing on our banner as it floats upon
the breeze,
Where stars shine night and day.

Let the coming years forever with their sunshine
and their dew
Falling on our waving banner add new luster to
each hue,
And make holier the colors of its red, its white
and blue
Where stars shine night and day.

Palsied be the hand uplifted in the dust its folds
would drag!
Palsied by the limb to rescue in its fleetness e'er
would lag!
Palsied be the tongue that utters word of treason
'gainst the flag!
Where stars shine night and day.

Chorus:

Brightly, brightly on our banner,
Brightly, brightly on our banner,
Brightly, brightly on our banner,
The stars shine night and day.

MANASSAS.

Now they come
While the drum
Beats for solemn masses
There's defeat
And retreat
And sad rout at Manassas.

All the years
With their tears
Wives and loving lasses,
Near and far
Will mourn for
The dead killed at Manassas.

Now the flood
Of red blood
Darkens as it passes,
In its tide
Deep and wide
From Sumpter to Manassas.

Men in blue
Have marched through
Swamp and dark morasses,
To regain
Without stain
The flag lost at Manassas.

Let all come
While the drum
Beats for solemn masses,
And forget
To regret
The day lost at Manassas.

TOCSIN OF WAR.

Let the brazen trumpets warning blast
 Be borne afar,
Flaming on red wings and flying fast
 As falling star,
So each hamlet, town, and city passed
 May arm for war.

Hear its voice ye dwellers by the sea
 On either side,
Ye who dwell upon the sunny lea
 Of prairie wide,
Or where'er your habitations be
 Or ye abide.

Arm ye for war's mighty tempest hath
 Its wings out-spread,
And is moving with its pent up wrath
 Just overhead,
But will soon descend and make its path
 With courage red.

Liberty's fair heritage has need
 Of heart and hand
Steadfast in this hour of shaken reed
 on quaking strand;
Loyal too in sentiment and deed
 For native land.

SOMEBODY'S BOYS MUST GO.

Opening the book the father,
Just before he read
Chapters for the morning lesson,
To his household said:
If the war goes on why somebody's
Boys will have to go
To defend the flag and union
Threatened by the foe.

If the war goes on why soembodys
Boys will have to go
To defend the flag and union
Threatened by the foe.

When the country is in danger
Duty bids all come,
Then must love and fond affections
Lips be mute and dumb;
If the war goes on I reckon
Boys you'll have to go,
I can manage with the farming
Working kind of slow.

If the war goes on why somebody's
Boys will have to go;
Friends will cheer them on when parting
Though hot tears will flow.

Providence has ways of scourging
Nations for their wrong,
With foul pestilence and famine
And with bloody thong;
Fathers sometimes leave behind them
Debts their sons must pay,
Looks some this rising tempest
Has come round that way.

If the war goes on why somebody's
Boys will have to go,
So no shout of song can herald
Triumph of the foe.

Thou great Ruler of the nations
We will trust in thee,
As our leader in the conflict
And for victory ;—
Soon as they begin 'enlisting
Boys you both must go,
One at home, and one 'way fighting
Wouldn't do you know.

If the war goes on why somebody's
Boys will have to go,
Some will come back, others never
Will come back you know.

THE OUTCAST.

He was an outcast in the land
Where he had dwelt so long,
Though he had never raised his hand
To do his fellow wrong;
But ever strove by word and deed,
To rend away the cruel creed
Of bloody lash and thong.

Oppression, tyranny, and thrall
Of limb, or heart, or mind,
Were grievous to his eyes, and all
These seemed with guilt entwined;
And on their foreheads bore the mark
Of evil nurtured in the dark
Old ages far behind.

His wrath was kindled when he heard
The holy priest explain
The meaning of the sacred word,
Then piously maintain,
The current of the scripture ran,
That one may buy and sell a man,
Or bind him with a chain.

Why throng her shrine, he said, and crown
The goddess, Liberty,
Then in our statute-books write down
The infamous decree,
That in whatever kingdom found
The darker brother shall be bound,
The fairer shall be free.

Is this the precept, this the law
Of Christ, the Nazarene,
Say, did he in his teaching draw
A line of grace between
The man possessed of large estate,
And beggar at the rich man's gate
Covered with sores unclean.

O no, it is the cruel creed
Of wickedness and sin,
Begotten by unholy greed
And passion's foulest kin,
It dooms the slave to blindly grope
In darkness without ray of hope,
And dwarfs the soul within.

Hot words which smote as does the blade
Of a two-edged sword,
Nor were their burning accents stayed
Till errors leprous horde
Lay shorn of strength and clipt of wing,
A truth scorched, limp and blighted thing
As Jonah's withered gourd.

Then did the angry multitude
This earnest man deride,
And buffet till they had imbued
Their hands with blood, then cried
Let him who speaks such blasphemy,
And so defames the law's decree
Be scourged, be crucified.

In every age how it has been
Accounted as a crime,
And heresy if one was seen
Unsuited to the clime
In which he dwelt, or strove to be
From thrall of superstition free,
Or wise beyond his time.

In city mart within the sound
Of the cathedral bell,
An eager crowd would gather round,
And men would buy and sell
Their fellow man for yellow gold,
Although the solemn church-bell tolled.
A mournful dirge or knell.

And while the fates at hide-and-seek
With jest and jeer do play,
Lo! dusky mother's kiss the cheek
Of dusky babes, and pray
The hand with unsheathed sword can smite,
The blast with pestilence can blight
May not too long delay.

And there were warnings, seers foretold
Of rivers red with blood,
Whose waves would bury as they rolled
Armed hosts beneath their flood;
And prophets dreamed of war's wild rage,
Of funerals and orphanage,
And lonely widow-hood.

One early morn the sleeper woke
From dream's delightful charm,
To hear a voice which loudly spoke,
Quick arm ye, neighbor arm,
That sound like thunder from the south
Comes from the cannon's brazen mouth,
It is war's dread alarm.

Then came a sea of fire that swept
O'er plain and mountain high,
Its flaming wave and billow leapt
From earth up to the sky;
And loud above the din and roar
Which echoed far from shore to shore
Was heard the battle cry.

The dead, the dead lie everywhere
In dismal swamp and fen,
On field and hill their cold eyes stare,
They glut the prison pen;
But hark, there's beat of distant drum
And rising shout, we come, we come
Five hundred thousand men.

Look how these legions overthrow,
Look how they trample down
False creed, false idols of the foe
Whatever their renown;
And Liberty's fair Goddess now
Wears on her calm majestic brow
A bright untarnished crown.

And when the outcast saw the land
He loved so purified
From all uncleanness, then with hand
And eyes upraised he cried,
Bless God the year of Jubilee
Is come and all the bond are free,
Bless God, he said, and died.

MORNING HYMN.

The portals of heaven
Have soft-tinted hue,
And darkness is changing
To azure and blue.

The curtains are parting,
And each lustrous fold
Of light cloud is gleaming
With purple and gold.

Lo, yonder the mountain,
Its uplifted spires
Ablaze with the glory
Of heaven-lit fires.

Soon green-mantled valley,
Bright hill-top and wood,
And city and hamlet
Will bathe in its flood.

The soft light is breaking
Across the blue lake,
And wild bird is calling
Awake, love awake.

My angel is sleeping
And dreams by my side,
And fair as the morning
I made her my bride.

Awake, ye who slumber,
Arise, O arise,
On earth joy and gladness
Sent down from the skies.

Now up on the mountain,
And down by the sea,
All kindred are singing
Bright morning to thee.

WARDSHIP OF THE UNION.

Sacred is the Union, and its weal
To our wardship has been given;
Shall we fail to guard with loyal zeal
Heritage bequeathed of heaven?

Centuries of wrong have cursed the earth
And its fairest regions blighted,
Shall men falter when they see the worth
Of bright beacon fires lighted!

Shall the temple which our fathers reared,
And to freedom consecrated,
By their sons be less revered
Or by foemen desecrated?

Not till every hamlet mourns its dead,
And till plain and field be gory,
Shall it of the country's fame be said,
Lo! behold its faded glory!

COLUMBIA'S FLAG.

The white upon our banner, the luster of its blue,
All stained with blood till like its red they will be
crimson too;

Before our martial slogan will cease to echo far,
March on till Columbia's flag wins back each falling
star.

Chorus:

March on, march on to victory, march on,
March on till Columbia's flag
Wins back each falling star.

For country and for union we throng the tented
field,

And have for emblem liberty emblazoned on our
shield,

For never shall foul treason the nation's glory mar;
Never from Columbia's flag shall fall a single star.

We come not as invaders to pillage and destroy,
Only our heritage to save our valor we'll employ;
But with our blood will ever make red the tide
of war,

Until fair Columbia's flag wins back each falling
star.

Our minstrelsy's wild music has tender strains of
grief,

Among our wreaths of laural spray we twine the
olive leaf;

But destiny can never our march of triumph bar,
But on, till Columbia's flag wins back each falling
star.

Chorus:

March on, march on to victory, march on,
March on till Columbia's flag wins back each
falling star.

THE FIELD OF WHITE CLOVER.

The theme of my song is the familiar story
Of love's biding faith and war's redder glory;
It was long time ago, but still the dim shadow
Remains in my mind of the elms in the meadow,
And wood you went through before you crossed over
The brook running by the field of white clover.

Though summer is bright the autumn will follow,
And heap the dead leaves of the wood in the hollow
To rot and decay, while time as it passes
Makes old men and women of young lads and lasses,
Who look back across the years and think over
The day they made love in the field of white clover.

The springtime had come, and with it the thrushes
Came back to build nests on the trees red with
blushes

Of blossom that hung like a jewel delighting
The heart for the hand that does nature's fair writ-
ing;

And with its bright fingers bespangles over
The copse on the hill side and field of white clover.

Adown by the brook when the soft air was laden
With fragrance of spring walked a youth and a
maiden,

They talked of the flowers and sad willows weeping,
And then of the birds building nests for house-
keeping;

With hope leading onward this lass and her lover
Then wandered away through the field of white-
clover.

Beyond in the distance love's mansion delights them,
Its portals fly open, its high hall invites them
To enter and dwell there where grief is a stranger,
And sorrow comes not with hot tears to endanger
The joy of fond lovers whose cup runneth over
With happiness there on the field of white clover.

The next year brought strike, and sound of the
battle
Re-echoing far 'bove the drum's fainter rattle;
The fields went untilled for the carnage was needing
Its victims to redden the country's heart bleeding;
And there in the front marched the soldier and
lover,
Now charging the foe on the field of white clover.

All day the hot breath of the cannon was breathing
Red flame which encompassed the hosts with its
wreathing,
Until it had crowned half each cohorts whole
number,
As victims all shrouded for death's silent slumber;
Then a pale lurid cloud arose and hung over
The meadow, and wood, and field of white clover.

Sad mothers and maidens with hearts wildly beating
Heard all the loud thunder its echo repeating,
And prayed the kind angel of mercy would cover
With protecting wing son, husband and lover,
Till darkness would let fall its black mantle over
Death's carnival there on the field of white clover.

The sun has gone down and the night wind is
sighing
A requiem over the dead and the dying;
No campfires smolder, no sentinel keeping
His night-watch around the silent dead sleeping,
And there on his bed lies the soldier and lover,
Killed in the charge 'cross the field of white clover.

Borne far through the land on the wings of the
morrow
Are tidings and sad lamentations of sorrow;
The hands of the fallen have sent back no token
Of love, and their cold lips no farewells have
spoken;
And now there is mourning and sad wailing over

The loved ones there dead on the field of white
clover.

The ravens are perched on the elms in the meadow,
And dark as a cloud falls the wood's gloomy shadow,
Like wine in its flow is the brook's ruddy water
All tinged by the rain-drops that fell from the
slaughter,
While the blood of the slain lies crimson all over
Now staining to red the field of white clover.

PASSION.

See passion with disheveled hair,
Red robed and beautiful as one
Sent down from heaven above to bear
Rewards for deeds of mercy done.

Her voice, O what enchanting sound!
Her words they seem divinely sweet!
The tangles of her web go round,
And we spell-bound lie at her feet.

The poison of her cup will rise
To meet the lips of those who drink;
The soft light of her lustrous eyes
Are fires that forge the binding link.

With softest phrase she would beguile
While luring onward to her thrall;
Beneath the sweetness of her smile
Lie depth of bitterness and gall.

HEAVEN'S ROLL CALL.

C comrade, your brother dropped out of the ranks,
Back there where the foe pressed us hard on both
flanks,

And just as we rallied with hurrah and shout,
A shell that was passing then mustered him out
Of the army below with its carnage and din,
In heaven's bright legion then mustered him in.

I've heard them say, comrade, that each new recruit
For the army above puts on a bright suit
Of raiment and wings, so as ready to soar
Aloft with his troop in the angelic corps;
O may be the dying and dead we see fall
Will answer tomorrow at heaven roll-call.

When the battle today and of life has been won,
The marching and camping and toiling all done,
While bidding dear friends and our comrades adieu,
We'll hear the last trump sound the final tattoo;
Then after we're mustered-out here may we all
Be found touching elbows at Heaven's roll-call.

DYING SO YOUNG.

The soldier was young, just a stripling boy,
Cheek like a blushing girl's,
A mother's hand was wont to toy
With these blood-matted curls.

Chorus:

Breathing out his life in the dark cypress wood,
Dying from a mortal wound;
Breathing out his life while his dear, precious blood
Makes crimson red the ground;
Dying so young, dying so young,
Dying on the battle field.

Today in the battle a blazing shell
Came through the cypress wood,
Right down to the ground, and bursting fell
Near where this soldier stood.

The dead lying here, and the dying there,
Mangled and torn of limb,
Make lips not use to breathe a prayer,
And brave men's eyes grow dim,

But still on the altar of sacrifice
Offerings must be laid;
How long, O, Lord, till the full price
Of our atonements paid!

But mother your boy, while the gloom of death
Is crowding life's feeble flame,
His pale lips move, with his last breath
He murmurs thy dear name.

Chorus:

Breathing out his life in the dark cypress wood,
Dying from a mortal wound,
Breathing out his life while his dear, precious blood
Makes crimson red the ground;
Dying so young, dying so young,
Dying on the battle field.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

In slumber deep the mailed and weary sleepers
 Breathe heavily and slow,
While wary sentinels, those watchful keepers
 Of camp walk to and fro,
Guarding tonight death's trained and ready reapers
 Whose harvest is the foe.

Among the drifting clouds the late November's
 Moon wanders on its way,
While fading light of smold'ring camp fires embers
 Reflect their feeble ray;
In visions bright the soldier now remembers
 His wild and boyish play.

He dreams of home, and of the childish prattle
 Of babes upon his knee,
Then wakes to hear the too familiar rattle
 And clang of musketry,
Then hurries forth to join the rising battle
 Dark surging like the sea.

Now there is tramp and rush of friend and foeman,
 Nor dangers dread nor harm;
How changed in mood is yesterday's meek yeoman,
 At home upon his farm
He hears the sound, and reads aright the omen
 Of war's solemn alarm.

Today he treads the crimson path of glory,
 And red highway of fame,
Dimming the fair page of the old world's story
 Of battle's din and flame,
And writing plain on tablet wet and gory
 His own undying name.

There's lightning's glare and roll of vollied thunder
As charging squadrons meet,
Strewing the ground with dead now trampled under
The war steed's iron feet;
The ranks are thinned and lines are rent asunder,
There's onset and retreat.

The earth is dark with raindrops of the slaughter,
As if the friendly sky
Had lack of dew and downfall of glad water
For thirsty fields and dry;
And soon will come sad plaint of orphan daughter,
And lonely widow's sigh.

Spectral and white the smoke of the last sally
Moves slow and leisurely,
And rests like a pale cloud above the valley
In sad sublimity,
As if awhile its gloominess would dally
As fittest canopy.

The storm is o'er, red wave and flaming billow
No longer lash and leap,
The mangled dead on ghastly bed and pillow
Lie silently asleep;
Above their graves let shaft and drooping willow
Sacred their valor keep.

In other years the unborn generations
Of sires who slumber here,
Will come from far and offer their oblations
With sigh and falling tear;
Let martial song, and fame in her orations
Preserve their memory dear.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

The drummer boy to the war has come
Not to carry a gun on his shoulder,
But march in the ranks and rattle his drum
For tramp of the men who are older ;
For there is need when foemen meet
In war's tumultuous labor,
Of bugle's blast and drum's loud beat
As well as of gun and saber.

Chorus:

O drummer boy when the comrades hear
The sound of your drum's loud rattle,
Its notes will cheer, as they fall on the ear,
And help win the doubtful battle.

And whether you march in the front or rear,
The sound of your drum will ever
Have notes so grand, their cadence will cheer
On the men in their endeavor.
For music's strain has a thrilling charm,
The hearts of brave men will inspire,
Can clear the eye, and steady the arm
At command of "battalion fire."

So young—we may not accuse or blame
The mother whose heart would falter,
And almost fail, as with tears she came
With her offering to the altar ;
Her lip is wet with the honey dew
Of his last warm kisses given ;
Her prayer to God, may her boy be true
To his country and to heaven.

Chorus:

O drummer boy when the comrades hear
The sound of your drum's loud rattle,
Its notes will cheer, as they fall on the ear,
And help to win the doubtful battle.

SING BIRD.

Sing bird, but sing as sad a song
As thy full heart can trill,
For now like autumn leaves along
The stream beyond the hill,
The dead lie there
Without the care
Of priest to breathe a hymn or prayer.

The evening breeze now soft and low
Lisps in a minor key,
And for the dead both friend and foe
Has saddest minstrelsy;
So let thy strain
Above the slain
Like moaning wind have sad refrain.

Sing bird as if a loved mate dead
Inspired the melody,
The waters of the brook are red
So let thy anthem be
A requiem
A dirge for them
Crowned with a soldier's diadem.

THE EXILE.

The hills around my father's halls
Sink down into the sea,
And waves rise up in watery walls
Betwixt my home and me.

The land is red with precious blood
Of valiant sire and son;
Still dark and deep the crimson flood
With rising tide flows on.

The tyrant wears a haughty frown,
His iron hand is strong
To strike all right and justice down,
And to uphold the wrong.

The night is lurid with the glare
Of torch and midnight flame.
While ruins black lie everywhere
As monuments of shame.

Above, the blue vault of the sky,
Below, the white sea-foam,
That soon in snowy leagues will lie
Between me and my home.

'Tis not from craven fear I go,
Or flee from war's alarm,
But I would meet the cruel foe
Again with stronger arm.

Heroic sons of noble sires
Will rise at freedom's call,
And kindle all her sacred fires,
Or at her altars fall.

My native land, my native land!
I swear thou shalt be free,
For I will come with chosen band
And thine avenger be.

ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

One summer day the sun with hot fires blazing
With scorching rays did shine,
Our company was slowly pressing forward
'Mong undergrowth of pine,
And with the wary enemy contending
Upon the skirmish line.

At length we reached an opening in the forest,
Where we had plainer view
Of their grey uniforms, and they could better
Behold our brighter blue;
The firing quickened, and the bullets whizzing
Then fast and faster flew.

Just then the bugle sounded and we halted
Near by a rising mound,
And then a soldier boy, one of the youngest,
Stepped on this higher ground,
And raising up his musket aimed and fired,
Then fell with mortal wound.

The father of the boy was there, and seeing
His son borne from the field,
Followed a little way then stopped, and turning,
Came back with tears concealed,
And to a comrade said, the father's duty
Must to the soldier's yield.

MOTHERS WILL WEEP.

Heralded by the battle's din,
Clouded and dark the day comes in,
Trampled the ground will be, and wet
With red blood e'er its sun has set.

Chorus:

Mothers will weep when the tidings come
Back from the battle that's lost or won;
Drape the banner and muffle the drum,
Beat the dead march for the sire and son.

Mother's guarded love's downy nest,
Nurtured with milk at their white breast
Children affection never weaned,
All on death's harvest field now gleaned.

Homes will be darkened, fond hopes take wing,
When tomorrow's messengers bring
News of the battle, whoever may
Triumph or fail on the field today.

Forward the bugle's note rings out,
Forward the marshalled hosts with shout.
Rush to the conflict, where soon will glow
Flaming billows round friend and foe.

When the cover of later snow
Melts away, the flowers will grow
Over their graves, but who will keep
Glad the mothers who wail and weep?

Chorus:

Mothers will weep when the tidings come
Back from the battle that's lost or won;
Drape the banner and muffle the drum,
Beat the dead march for sire and son.

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BITTER WATERS.

The bayou's bitter waters
Which teemed with crawling thing
Upon the marsh was fountain,
And was a living spring;
Parched lips quaffed from its bounty,
Then cursed the offering.

The rifle-pits were safer,
The foe was not unseen,
And should death's cup be proffered
The beverage was clean;
While poison rank lay hidden
Within these waters green

All night with horrid croaking
The rebel frogs would cry,
"Those thirsty yankee soldiers
Will drink our bayous dry,
Nor care, so they can triumph,
If we poor frogs all die."

The battlefield has herálds,
Whose mission is to bear
Red carnage through the tempest,
And through the lightning's glare,
Nor heed the cry of mercy,
Or listen to her prayer.

But not these martial reapers
Alone the sickle keen,
Was foe that reaped the harvest
So crows the fields might glean,
For death kept royal banquet
With wine of sickly sheen.

VICKSBURG.

Upon her hills fair Vicksburg stood,
A city queenly to behold,
Down at her feet and laving rolled
The Mississippi's flood.

Dark waved and deep the river wide
Swept onward to the far south seas,
And bore her laded argosies
Upon its restless tide.

And she had rarest gift of clime,
Of balmy air, and softest blue
Of skies which deepened in their hue
Through her long summer time.

Nor was there need of farther quest
For happiness and joy of home ;
Here weary man might cease to roam,
And on life's journey rest.

But now was seen the faintest blot
Of cloud to rise that one could spy,
And say the scarcely tarnished sky
Was flecked with cloud or not.

Such meagerness of blur, a span
Would compass it from side to side ;
So small a raven's wing would hide,
Or an unfolded fan.

Could this be omen of alarm,
Or harbinger of coming storm
Which bore not spectral hue nor form,
Nor mightiness of arm.

About the time of lenten days
This speck of cloud began to spread

Its gloom and darkness overhead,
And veil the sun's bright rays.

Borne on the north wind's darkened wing
Are rumors wild of coming strife;
Not a rich dower to the wife
Do these forebodings bring.

But nightly dreaming of the dead,
And dying on the battle-field,
Their unknissed lips forever sealed
With clammy signet red.

And on her cheek there is a stain,
As if a tear's unbidden flow
From the full depths of grief below
Was token of her pain.

Now all is changed, fair nature's face
Is marred to build a parapet,
As if some scheme was lacking yet
Of evil for our race.

The verdant robe and leafy crown
Of bluff and hill are gone, and now
Along their seamed and sullen brow
The brazen cannon frown.

Young children ask the reason why
Their fathers wear these suits of grey.
And when they come in from their play,
Ask why their mother's cry.

Now there is beat of midnight drum,
And challenge of the passerby,
Say, who goes there? the quick reply,
A friend to thee I come.

Men answer to the bugle's call,
While on the breeze strange banners float
In wavy folds above the moat,
Above the rampart wall.

Swift messengers ride to and fro
And fleet as bird upon the wing,
Look, now in eager haste they bring
Late tidings of the foe.

May be there's news of danger nigh,
Of danger! no, it cannot be,
Its glory, glory, victory,
Hear the glad people cry!

Ring loud the bells in belfry towers,
Let their be pean song and shout
The borders round and land throughout,
For Sumpter's fort is ours.

Thou blood-stained goddess, Victory!
How men and nations in their rage
For fame have reddened every page
Of history for thee.

But soon will come a sadder strain
Of music when the battle-field
Sends home its crimson crop and yield,
Red harvest of the slain.

War has a fearful mien and mood,
And dusky hue of smoke and flame
Grief, orphanage, and want the name
Of its ill-favored brood.

When the third summer came the flood
Of war's full tide was rolling near,
And swifter than it flowed last year,
And redder far with blood.

Was yon quick flash a falling star,
Or the red lightning on its track?
That fearful sound its answer back,
Or thunder-clap of war?

Not heaven sent that sudden stroke,
From a far nearer hand it came,
The storm-cloud's forge has fitful flame,
But not such wreaths of smoke.

Will it prove enemy or friend
The dark broad river at thy feet?
Lo! from the north a hostile fleet
Comes slowly round the bend.

O city panoplied for war!
The foe is yonder, now array
Thy trained batallions for the fray,
And further triumph bar.

Of robe and crown and tinsel bared
The proud, defiant city stands
With sword and linstock in her hands,
For combat dire prepared.

The fragrant breeze now holds its breath,
No note, nor wing of bird is heard,
So calm, so still, no leaf is stirred,
But stillness as of death.

Then like a dread volcano waked
The hills belch forth red fires, the shock
Makes tenement and rampart rock,
As though the earth had quaked.

Fair city all thy hopes are vain,
In vain the high resolve and deed,
You will have for reward and meed
Blood of thy children slain.

Yon mighty host has little dread
Of battle's glare and thunder now,
For it has scarred and battered brow,
And hand with slaughter red.

The chieftan of yon host has come
The nation's mandate to fulfill,
Nor will he sheathe the sword until
Rebellion's lips are dumb.

From every northern home went up
For peace the people's earnest prayer,
O God, our land from carange spare,
Let pass this bitter cup!

They quaffed the gall, the goblet broke,
Then came the vintage of red wine,
And now they kneel at war's black shrine,
And its dread God invoke.

We hear their cry, make red the wave
Of battle's torrent in thy path,
And want and famine to its wrath,
Only the Union save.

We give, O beating heart be still!
We give, O weeping eyes be clear,
We give our sons and brothers dear
The broken ranks to fill!

Inspired by truest loyalty,
Thy enemy cannot be stayed
By mortal hand till it has made
A prison house of thee.

Now lives are counted not as gems,
And jewels fairest upon earth,
But wasted as of little worth
In war's dark strategems.

But now the valor of the foe
Has made a fortress of each hill,
And battleships dark-visaged fill
The river down below.

Such armament might well appall
When hope seemed scarcely to befriend;
But still the drama does not end,
Nor does the curtain fall.

For weary weeks the cannon's breath
Makes air and sky above to glow,
While day and night strive friend and foe,
Trained champions of death.

Some days the tempest grew less loud,
The storm would lull, the thunder cease,
As if a ray of hope and peace
Shone out from war's black cloud.

The living gathered up the dead
And dying from the field, as men
Do gather sheaves at harvest, when
The evening sun is red.

And then a signal gun would break
The silence, and this message sent,
Redoubt and fort and battlement
Would all at once awake.

The grim gun-boats down on the river
Would then take up the awful note,
And thunder from each brazen throat
Until the earth did quiver.

As if roused nature's fury hath
Such lack of evils to bestow,
That man must make his torments glow
With hot consuming wrath.

O God, and there was need of pity
For wives and children in that town,
When fire and iron hail rained down
On that beleaguered city!

The fierce war demons all were loose,
And red with human slaughter, when
The word rang out, "cease firing men,"
There comes a flag of truce.

Bright emblem, messenger of peace,
Thou comest—but no word hast breathed,
The chieftains parley,—swords are sheathed,
And strife and carnage cease.

With joy the victors fill the cup,
For lo! 'bove Vicksburg's battered town
The stars and bars come trailing down,
The stripes and stars go up.

BE SAMPSON LIKE.

Woe, woe the man with galling load
Of guilt upon his heart to goad
Him on, and onward down the road
That leadeth where,
No bright winged hope, no longing sigh,
No prayer ascendeth to the sky,
But one long wail and bitter cry
Of sad despair.

Stop, e'er into the pit you sink,
And harken how your forged chains clink ;
Yea, even on hell's burning brink
Be Sampson like ;
And of your life take quick control
Look backward to the brighter goal,
And from your heart and prisoned soul
Sin's fetters strike.

HOW OFTEN, O HOW OFTEN.

How often, O how often!
We long for joy to come!
And bide with us forever,
And make our heart its home!
So when we ask forgiveness,
And crave for holy fare,
Joy may be daily blessing
And answer to our prayer.

We hope may be the morrow
Will have the fairest dawn,
And skies of softest luster
We ever gazed upon.
Then from its midday splendor
Will shine such cheerful ray,
From our life's darkened heaven
Will drive the clouds away.

But O, how oft and often!
When hope seems raising up
To our parched lips joys brimming,
Sweet overflowing cup;
Some unseen hand uplifted
The goblet dashes down,
And ready for its kingdom
The heart robs of its crown.

WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER.

Fainter and fainter grows the thunder
Of the battle, and its breath
Cooler now and nearly wasted
Blasts no more the ranks with death;
Lying near a trodden pathway
Where the ground with blood was red
Was a young and wounded soldier
Who with painful effort said:

Comrade, when the battle's over,
And the vanquished foe has fled,
Here you'll find my lifeless body
When you gather up the dead.

Life is sweet, and I have only
Seen its morning's pleasing ray,
Now before its noon-time cometh
Comes to me life's closing day;
But my country when in danger
Called to arms and I obeyed,
And I grieve not, on its altar
My young life is freely laid.

Comrade, here's a blood-stained picture
Given with her promise true,
Take it, for death's falling shadows
Hides her image from my view;
Send it with my dying blessing,
Send it to the one I love,
Say I've gone to join the army
Of the angels up above.

Comrade when the battle's over,
And the vanquished foe has fled,
Here you'll find my lifeless body
When you gather up the dead.

PEACE AND WAR.

We love, O peace, thy paths to tread
O'erhung with dewy herbs at morn,
They wind among the clover red,
And 'long the rows of tasseled corn;
They lead us through green pastures wide
Where cattle graze and lambkins play,
Across the brook whose limpid tide
Sings joyfully its simple lay.

The harpers of sweet music fill
Our bosoms with a calm delight,
The lark at morn, the whipporwill
And lisp'ing katydid at night;
We love the scent of new-made hay,
And golden sheen of harvest sheaf,
We linger in a quiet way
And watch the fall of autumn leaf.

The by-ways we so often tread,
The ancient trees along the lane,
And spring with arching elms o'erhead,
Are each a link in loving chain
Which round our hearts from year to year
With sweet endearing coils has wound;
They bind us to these scenes so dear,
And to the old familiar ground.

The joys of home, the dear delight
Of love's romance beside the hearth
Make morning, noon, and make the night
A paradise of bliss on earth.
And other joys supreme as these
O Peace, from thy kind bounty fall!
Among the high divinities
Thou art best Goddess of them all.

But wrong grows bold, red crested war
Stalks forth with brazen armor on,
The bugle sounds its blast afar,
And from their scabbards swords are drawn,
Then men rush in through smoke and flame,
As if their lives were given them
To hazzard on the battle's game
For sake of martial requiem.

Of God! why do thy children rage
With foamy lips and flaming breath,
Why not disease and hoary age
Alone contend and strive with death?
For though he may awhile befriend
The one who smites his brother down,
Death will prove victor in the end,
And claim at last the victor's crown.

WEEP, MAIDENS WEEP.

Weep, maidens weep with eyes as sad
As mourning's deepest gloom,
Your hopes of yesterday go clad
And shroud them for the tomb;
The battlefield with blood is red,
Your lovers lie among the dead.

Weep, maidens weep, war has filled up
Almost to overflow
The chalice full, life's bitter cup
Of agony and woe;
Drain ye the goblet, and then sigh
Your lives away as years go by.

Weep, maidens weep, your tears will bring
Your burdened hearts relief.
And be to love an offering,
A solace for your grief;
The heart bereaved has clouded skies
And needs sweet rain from weeping eyes.

CELESTE.

Bride and bridegroom both were drest
In their comeliest array;
Thronged the hall with wedding guest,
Kinsmen young, and kinsmen gray
Who with merry word and jest
Said they envied me that day,
Envied me my bride Celeste.

As the sun sank in the west,
Chiming bells the tiding bore
Holy priest hath joined and blessed
Hearts true love had joined before.
Then I pondered—was it best
Mortal on this earthly shore
Should have bride fair as Celeste.

Her's was warmest, truest breast
Ever heart beat in—or bled,
Softest bosom e'er was prest,
Ever pillowed weary head
In its nightly dream and rest;
Cold, now cold that saintly bed,
Bosom of my loved Celeste.

COME BACK WILD BIRD.

O wild wood bird of tuneful throat,
And Singer of far sweetest note
Was ever heard,
Come back and sing thy songs once more
Trilling the wild notes as before;
Come back wild bird,
Come back once more.

Amid the grove each passing spring
I often look to see the wing,
And light leaf stirred;
Come back some bright mid-summer day
And softly warble thy sweet lay,
Come back wild bird,
Come back some day.

Seems it would cheer and comfort me
If strain of thy sweet melody
Once more I heard;
Come back and fill my heart again
With gladness of thy joyful strain,
Come back wild bird,
Come back again.

A MOTHER'S PRIDE

Our eyes are blind, we do not see
The hand that shapes our destiny ;
The strange hand-writing on the wall
Is dark until great sorrows fall
And make the meaning understood.
May be it was for hidden good
To humble low a mother's pride,
My boy fell sick in camp and died.

I was so proud of him, my heart
Had not a joy or hope apart
From which he could not claim a share,
His happiness was all my care ;
And now the thought, the memory
Of all he was and is to me
Make dear and holier' my pride,
Since he fell sick in camp and died.

Yes, I was very proud of him,
For love a mother's eyes can dim
To youth's light flow of passing dross,
And only see its brighter gloss.
Be merciful, forgive O God !
I might have blessed, yea kissed the rod,
Could I have gone and knelt beside
His cot and prayed before he died.

MUSTERED OUT.

I'm dying, O comrade, but hasten,
Our thinned ranks are yielding I fear
What sound is that yonder? O listen—
The enemy's cannon are near.

But hark! now our guns are replying,
Their thunder grows louder each shot;
Say comrade, its just as well dying
Out here as on hospital cot.

Hasten forward, O comrade, but tarry
A moment, I've something to say,
A message, I hope you will carry,
Tell them of the battle today.

My faint heart is scarcely beating
But listen, they shout, they shout;
Thank God, it's the foe that's retreating
Let me now be mustered out.

THE NEW RECRUIT.

Father I am old enough to help fill up the ranks
Weakened by assaults upon the rebel front and
flanks ;

All the boys will welcome me with chorus of thanks
Coming to help save the union.

Chorus :

Hurrah, hurrah, here comes a new recruit,
Hurrah, hurrah, he looks so resolute,
Drest in regimentals blue as any yankee's suit,
Coming to help save the union.

Many of my school-mates now are learning how to
play
War's red game, so they'll know how to fight and
win the day ;
Father now I want to go and join them in the fray,
Willing to help save the union.

When the charge is sounded by the bugle's wildest
note,
Forward to the battlement, across yon deadly moat,
I will mount the rampart or my young life will
devote
Trying to help save the union.

Go, my son, it is your duty, go, the country's weal,
And the nation's honor to our loyalty appeal,
Fathers should thank God for sons whose young
hearts are so leal,
Wanting to help save the union.

Write your name, his mother said, within your testament.

Letter of your company, and of which regiment,
Heart of soldier boys have need of grace for shelter
tent

While they are saving the Union.

Chorus:

Hurrah, hurah, here comes a new recruit,
Hurrah, hurrah, he looks so resolute,
Drest in regimentals blue as any yankee suit,
Coming to help save the Union.

DOWN TO THE SEA.

The rebels, the old and decrepit,
Too feeble to carry a gun,
Would say to us boys, make-believing,
They said so just sort of in fun:
Why Sherman must surely be crazy,
Or else on a mighty big spree,
To think of such madness, and folly,
As marching right down to the sea.

We told them by thunder, he'd do it,
Or else learn some good reason why,
That Sherman was sane, nor go tipsy
By drinking too much of old rye;
But so all may know it hereafter,
We'll blaze each wild juniper tree,
Put guide-boards with plain Yankee reading,
"Here Sherman marched down to the sea."

They asked about Lincoln, remarking,
He might do for ruler up north,
But wasn't a watch for Jeff Davis
In planning campaigns and so forth;
Then shaking their wise heads they reckoned,
That doomsday would most likely be
Well on toward noon at Savannah
When Sherman got down to the sea.

We told them great Lincoln was truly
A giant in wisdom and deed,
And hated rebellion's false banner
Emblazoned with secession's creed;
And you fellows will know when the darkeys
Sing songs of the new jubilee,
That Sherman has marched from Atlanta
Through Georgia right down to the sea.

Now go tell your brother confederates
What we so good humoredly say,
So they can go 'long, sort of keeping
A safe distance out of the way;
And tell them so they will not miss us
To track-up the wild honey-bee
For getting a taste of our victuals
It follows us down to the sea.

And then for a lesson in morals,
And precepts of loyalty too,
We pointed aloft to our banner
So fair with its red, white, and blue;
We told them to show to their children,
And keep for their posterity
Land-marks of this highway—and reason,
Why Sherman marched down to the sea.

THE BALLS THAT MISSED

The wife was reading his letter,
It told in a soldier's way
About the scenes of the battle
Was fought just the other day.

He told of the dead and wounded,
A thousand or more, and now
Of himself, and the many dangers
Escaped, God only knows how.

The name at the bottom she pressed it
Close to her lips, till a tear
Fell down on the paper and blessed it,
To love consecrated and dear.

Again it all is read over,
How foolishly, she said, to weep,
He's safe, and our cherub, baby,
Lies smiling there in its sleep,

Then going toward the bureau,
The letter again she kissed,
And said, as she open the drawer,
Thank God for the balls that missed.

ALL THE SUMMER.

The continent with war was rent,
And there was constant rattle
Of shot and shell that rain like fell
And thunder of the battle.

While mothers prayed the war-horse neighed,
And fretfully kept prancing;
The land was red, still there was tread
Of marshalled hosts advancing.

'Bove friend and foe the carrion crow
Now back and forth kept flying,
To feed and fare alighted where
The mangled dead were lying.

Now three long years of hopes and fear,
And still the strife not ended,
For evenly as scale could be.
The battle hung suspended.

At last the spell of sad death knell
Any agony is broken,
The nation heard the fateful word
An oracle has spoken.

But o'er the land rang Grant's command,
"Beat up the charge there, drummer,
I'll fight it out, the foe will rout,
If it takes all the summer."

BALM FROM GILEAD.

If there's balm still sweet and healing
In the ancient Gilead,
Can make whole the broken hearted,
Make the troubled spirit glad;
Load your wings with healing balsam
O ye winds of Orient!
And speed hither like plumed arrow
On its swiftest mission sent.

Mourners with sad eyes are weeping,
Cheeks with burning tears are wet,
And on lips once softly breathing
Agony its seal hath set;
O the ancient days how blessed
When earth's weary children had
For their aching hearts and bosoms
Healing balm from Gilead.

Do not tarry at Damascus,
Ye swift coursers of the air,
We will wait, wait for your coming
And the goodly gifts you bear;
Then no bosom need have sorrow,
Never heart again be sad,
When these messengers come bearing
Healing balm from Gilead.

THE SHELTER TENT.

Faintly the camp-fire's embers glow,
While rudely the breezes of autumn blow
Over the weary sleeper's bed,
Which nature's own hand has kindly spread;
Sleep, soldier sleep, and be content
With dreamland beneath your shelter tent.

Sleep, soldier, sleep, and be content
 With visions so bright
 Which charm and delight
In dreamland beneath your shelter tent.

Visions of home and memories
Of meadow and field with their clumps of trees
Borne on the wings of dear delight,
Come gladden the slumberer's heart tonight;
Rest, soldier rest, bright dreams are sent
The soldier beneath his shelter-tent

Rest, soldier rest, bright dreams are sent,
 As visions to cheer
 With memories dear
The soldier beneath his shelter-tent.

Should you be spared to go back home,
When shadows of night veil the sky's high dome,
Far from the scenes of war and strife
Asleep by the side of your dear wife,
Dream, comrade dream of nights you spent
With only the sky for a shelter-tent.

Dream, comrade dream, of night you spent
 And pillowed your head
 On nature's own bed,
With only the sky for a shelter-tent.

THE LAST PARADE.

It seems long time since we began
Our first our forward march
War's crimson tide with peace to span,
And with unbroken arch.

With freedom's temple now complete
From pedestal to dome,
Our country's thankfulness will greet.
And welcome us back home.

The union's saved, our work is done,
No longer war alarms,
With victory and triumph won
We're ready to stack arms.

Tonight there'll be no countersign,
No grand rounds will be made;
March proudly to the color line
This is our last parade.

When the redeemed in heaven begin
Their songs of glory, men,
May we be there and all fall in,
And not break ranks again.

THE LAST MARCH.

Now our last march is over,
And our last parade
With the brave old battalion
Today has been made;
No camp-fires will smoulder
With glimmering light,
Nor sentinel guarding
Will challenge to-night.

We have tented together,
And our parched lips have been
Often moistened with water
From the same canteen;
When the musketry rattled
And the grim cannon pealed,
We have dared death together
On the red battle-field.

Now the day of our parting
Dear comrades has come,
And the loved ones are waiting
To welcome us home,
Where brown, sunburnt faces
Will banish the fears,
That have filled aching bosoms
All these long dreadful years.

Weary marches behind us
And sound of the drum;
Brighter journeys before us
Inviting to come,
Where the song of the wild-bird
In meadow and grove,
Will be sweet tender anthem
Of peace and of love.

THE VETERANS.

Now their limbs are feeble,
And their step is slow,
But they marched with steady
Tramp toward the foe,
When the cannon thundered
And the musketry
Joined its mighty chorus
To the battle's glee.

Up from earth to heaven
Rose the tempest's wail,
Flashed the battle's lightning
Rained the iron hail;
Death above triumphant
Rode upon the gale,
Gloating o'er the bloody

Foot-prints on the trail.
But they never faltered,
Never wavered when
The command was given,
Forward, forward men.
Charge the front line yonder,
Charge—then bayonet
Gleamed as it was lowered,
Then with blood was wet.

From the storm of battle,
Through the leaden rain
They brought back the banner
Saved, and without stain;
And with brighter luster
Than it ever wore.
Sacred, and far dearer
Than it was before.

Now the rear-guard only
Is left on this side
Of death's silent river,
And it waveless tide;
Vanguard of the column
Has gone on before,
Camping over yonder
On the other shore.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

In the grave calmly sleep heroes all,
Till the sound of the trumpet shall call
The assembly of hosts in the sky,
Where the banners of peace ever fly
On the battlements round the white throne

Let a song now be sung while we stand
Round the graves of that patriot band
Who have gone in advance on before,
As vanguard to the rest of the corps
Marching on with quick step in the rear.

Let a prayer now be said while we kneel
So the balm of its blessing may heal
Wounded hearts of their sorrow and pain;
For the clanking of love's broken chain
Is still heard everywhere in the land.

When you come with your wreaths softly tread
Round their graves, sacred graves of the dead;
Come as mourners who weep for the dear
Honored sons of the land sleeping here,
Where no sentinel's challenge is heard.

Bring your gifts of sweet flowers and lay
On each grave a bright garland today,
In remembrance and love of them all
Who have gone at the mandate and call
Of the mighty arch-angel of God.

May the service so solemn today
Be a lesson remembered alway,
And become of such lasting renown
As to be year by year handed down
To the far generations unborn.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

Bright June day, and windy too;
From her head quick as could be
Nancy Jane's sun-bonnet flew,
Lodged high up in a thorn tree.

Girl bare-headed, passing fair,
Looking up toward the sky
Sees her bonnet, in despair,
What else could she do, but cry.

John while plowing corn near by
Couldn't help the scene to view,
Bachelor he was, and shy
Of the pesky women crew.

Haw, there, gee, well dang it whoa
News 'ill fly right up to town
If I don't just stop, and go,
Get that girl's old bonnet down.

Mornin', Miss, right windy day,
Sort of accident I see;
Couldn't think of more to say,
So John scrambles up the tree.

Here's your bonnet, thanky sir,
Taking it, said Nancy Jane;
John just nods his head to her,
Then starts off to work again.

Why, look how you've scratched your hands
On them thorns, the ugly things!
Wait, I'll tie them up with bands
Made out of my bonnet strings.

So she did, and when he felt
Touch of her soft fingers, law!
John's heart just began to melt
Like ice does of sudden thaw.

What might follow, seems so plain,
Doesn't need remarks at all;
That is, John and Nancy Jane,
They got married in the fall.

Joy stays round awhile and sings
Nicest kind of little tunes,
All 'bout thorns and bonnet-strings,
Wedding bells, and honey-moons.

Didn't last long, came this way,
John said, wasn't any use
Wasting whole of winter day,
Just to roast a Christmas goose.

Nancy Jane, said, you blind owl!
Ought to know, you stupid men;
Can't cook done a swimmin' fowl
Soon as you can bake a hen!

After this they fuss and jaw
Almost every day, and my
With gall bilin' in each craw,
How they both can argufy.

They have fracasas and fights,
And a score of family ails;
He said, how she scratched him nights
With her blasted long toe-nails.

Nancy Jane said, you low clown!
Why, your nasty, whiskey breath,
Nights when you come home from town,
Nearly pizens me to death.

Just like when war had begun,
Both sides game up to the eyes,
Not a bit would ary one
Give an inch, or compromise.

While their love was needing rain
In these times of parching drouth,
Words are bandied twixt these twain
Hot enough to burn the mouth.

Wedlock's craft has stormy sea,
Looked sometimes like nothing could
Save the union, lest 'twould be
Battle-cry of baby-hood.

Whether it was to condemn,
Or blot out their many sins,
Anyway, to live with them
Came a pair of bloomin' twins.

Hope shines out in wedlock's sky,
Love's pent waters all break loose,
For these blessed babies' cry
Says, "We bring a flag of truce."

John said, Nancy Jane, look here,
I'll not drink another drop,
Bet you too, I'll raise next year
Best and biggest kind of crop.

Women folks when they begin
Sacrificing business can
More redeeming battles win,
Than their fellow soldier, man.

I'll cut off them long toe-nails,
And if nothing else will do.
Nancy Jane said, if that fails
I'll cut off my big toes too.

Joy comes now on golden wings
Every morning at sunrise
Sings of baby bonnet strings,
Trills the sweetest lullabys.

Now with covers well tucked in,
These two fond and happy sprites,
Each one hugging close a twin,
Sweetly sleep, and snore of nights

THE LAST TATTOO.

Gone the sunlight of the morning,
Hushed the sound of reveille,
Autumn years are swiftly passing,
Faded leaves hang on the tree.
Of the nation's mighty legions
To its banner ever true,
Just a remnant left, and waiting,
Waiting for the last tattoo.

Let the sword within the scabbard
Stay and rust with mouldy dew,
And the bayonet's bright gleaming,
Let its blade have tarnished hue,
For the great arch-angel's trumpet
Soon will sound the last tattoo.

Fall the shadows of the twilight
On the valley and the hill;
From the grove comes vesper anthem
Of the lonely whippoorwill.
Ranks are broken, slow and halting
Is the step of weary feet.
While the far off drums and bugle
Sound the sunset call, retreat.

Through the gloom of night and darkness
Comes the sound of curfew bell,
But no word of hasty challenge
Comes from guard or sentinel.
Of the nation's mighty legions
To its banner ever true,
Just a remnant left, and waiting,
Waiting for the last tattoo.

Let the sword within the scabbard
Stay and rust with mouldy dew,
And the bayonet's bright gleaming,
Let its blade have tarnished hue;
For the great archangel's trumpet
Soon will sound the last tattoo.

LONG AGO.

As brothers now they meet
Who once with hurried feet
Rushed forward to the charge as friend and foe;
Where 'mid the battle's smoke
Fell shot and saber stroke,
Till wet and crimson was the ground below,
But that was long ago.

Hushed is the bugle's note,
While 'long the deadly moat
The wild rose-bush and dandelions grow,
Whose leaves of living green,
And blossoms' brighter sheen,
Have paler luster and still softer glow
Than fires of long ago.

As passing years go by
The heart-ache and the sigh
Are healed and hushed, sad hearts forget their woe,
And thrill again with love
Of summer skies above,
And from soft eyes hot tears no longer flow
For grief of long ago.

FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

The royal robed and balmy spring
Comes back again with garnished wing;
It brings the living full delight
Of all that's fairest to the sight,
With skies of azure overhead;
But flowers only for the dead.

Through all the wide range of the wood,
Beside the streamlet's crystal flood.
And by the pathway at your feet,
Are flowers fair and flowers sweet;
Step softly now nor rudely tread,
These flowers here are for the dead.

With banners draped, a mournful train,
We march to music's solemn strain,
And bring these garlands here to lay
Them on these honored graves today;
The grief, the sigh, the warm tears shed,
And flowers sweet are for the dead.



SONS OF VETERANS.

Sons of scarred veterans
Your duty ever
To guard from hostile clans
The country's banner ;
Yours is the high birth-right
To keep it red and white,
And blue with luster bright,
Stainless forever.

Emblem of Liberty,
Boys keep it ever
Waving on hill and lea,
By lake and river ;
Let no accursed bar
Sinister soil and mar
Its folds, but let each star
Shine on forever.

In the far future should
Traitors endeavor
States from their sister-hood
Try to disever ;
Shout and sing with high glee
Songs of the jubilee,
And let your war cry be
"Union Forever."

MISS HELEN GRAY.

In Clifton town Miss Helen Gray,
An only daughter and the pride
Of doting parents did abide,
And in Love's court held rule and sway.

Her beauty was of rarest cast,
Fair as the flowers of early spring,
A bright, fantastic airy thing,
Yet far too frail of mold to last.

So skilled and cultured in the arts
Of kindling love's consuming flame,
She well deserved the royal name,
And homage too of queen of hearts.

Of suitors who so thronged the hall
Of this fair goddess so divine,
To kneel and worship at her shrine
I was devoutest saint of all.

Her sire low-born, now held high rank,
And was a sort of mandarin
Among the lucky ones that win.
For he had stock in Clifton bank.

That should be naught to me or her,
My sires were equal, they had pride,
And spirit hot as molten tide,
And haughty mien as Lucifer.

She was my senior by two years,
But in love's craft and mystic lore
She would out-number me a score,
And leave me still far in arrears.

Miss Helen Gray now undertook
My schooling, and sought to impart
Such learning as improves the heart
My own an unthumbed primer book.

I conned the precious lessons given,
And in my dreams would oft repeat
The phrases, words, and language sweet,
While I seemed mounting up to heaven.

Sometimes she let me kiss—the tips
Of her soft fingers, and by Jove,
I would have given a whole drove
Of donkeys to have kissed her lips.

Each day I thought her more divine,
And grew into the fond belief
She wanted to, and would as lief
As not, and rather too, be mine.

One evening when the twilight lent
A tinge of sadness to the heart,
She asked, why should dear friends e'er part,
This parting then so long lament.

She spoke with tremor and a sigh
About the hopes of coming years
The joys foreshadowed, and the fears
That pass like ugly phantoms by.

My long delay I then did chide
In keeping such a loving heart,
So long and far from mine apart,
And moved up closer by her side.

O what a world of rapture lies
In love's first dream! O could we keep
The fond illusion till the peep
Of judgment dawns in the skies.

I said dear Helen it is wrong,
The fairest flowers that bloom to cull.
Then let the fragrant odors lull
The heart to sleep and doubts prolong.

How dearer far to me than life
I told her she had daily grown,
And asked her, would she be my own,
Beloved, and ever loving wife.

She gazed, and stared, and looked as queer,
As saint or demon petrified,
Then hitched a little from my side,
And said with sort of devil's sneer:

Why! O dear me what have I done!
That you your love should now unfold
To me whose heart is icy cold,
Indeed! I only was in fun.

Don't let the tears put out your eyes,
This hope, and trust, and love are toys,
For silly girls and foolish boys
To get, and lose e'er they grow wise.

My head was in a dizzy whirl
As I walked home and thought how soon
Some other youth would come and croon
His love-song to that Clifton girl.

That night I had unquiet sleep,
Unearthly dreams did me appall!
Next day the news of Sumpter's fall
Made other eyes grow sad and weep.

All day above the busy hum
Of trade and traffic in the street,
Was heard the tramp of marching feet,
And roll and rattle of the drum.

We boys smooth face and ruddy then,
When we came back in sixty-five,
I mean the few who were alive,
Were full-grown, bronzed and bearded men.

Somehow, and with a modest grace
The dear, true-hearted, lovely girls
Would brush aside their sunny curls,
And smile upon each sun-burnt face.

One of the fairest ,and to me
The best is now my own dear wife;
Her love and trust have made my life
Happy as life on earth can be.

We have a darling girl and boy
To romp and frolic by our side,
And these are all a mother's pride,
Alike they are a father's joy.

Last Sunday afternoon as we
Walked home from church, and chatted on
The sermon preached from good St. John,
My wife turned round and said to me:

Who was that sat by Irene Smith?
Looked like a forlorn, castaway
Old sweetheart of a former day,
Whom some bad man has trifled with.

You mean the one on which decay
Is feeding fast with greedy tooth,
The one with faded bloom and youth,
Why dear that was Miss Helen Gray.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The ship sails out of the harbor's mouth,
Sails out on the wide blue sea,
The wind, a soft breath from the balmy south
Is gentle, as breeze can be;
Afloat on the wave like a fair white swan
The ship outward-bound on its course sails on.

A beautiful thing, yet how frail of wing
To span with its onward sweep
Across the dark gulf of the rioting
Wild waves of the stormy deep;
And bear the glad tidings of joy afar
From lands of the morning and evening star.

The city sinks down till its domes and spires
Seems resting low on the shore;
Now fainter and fainter their sun-lit fires
Just gleam and are seen no more;
The blue sky above, and the sea below
Whose dark troubled waters forever flow.

One day and afar, on the billows' crest,
A lonely thing seems to lie,
Like wave-washed plumage of sea-bird's breast,
Cloud-spot on the low down sky;
Now measured and nearer—a ship's white sail,
Have fair winds sped you, O good ship hail!

A stranger or friend; how the lonely deep
Makes kindred of hearts that brave
The dangers scarce lulled to unquiet sleep
On bosom of faithless wave:
Ships meet on the sea as we meet on land
They part and pass onward to distant strand.

Our life is a sea, we are outward bound,
Our haven the land of rest;
O may our far voyage with joy be crowned,
Our hearts with glad welcome blest,
Then laden with goodness and cleansed from sin,
May Pilot be waiting to lead us in.

BENNY'S REPENTANCE.

His mother's one joy was her dear darling boy,
Her Benny, a lad nearly grown;
But early in May this dear boy ran away,
And left his poor mother alone.

He found work to do with a boat-loading crew,
Somewhere in a small river town;
The white fog would stay half the long summer day
Then liking the place settle down.

Along in the fall time the hairy-worms crawl,
Poor Benny alas came to grief,
With cold ague-chill he was taken so ill,
He shook like a wind-beaten leaf.

Alone on his cot, he bemoans his sad lot,
And wishes he never had seen
This queer river town where the fog settles down,
And water in summer turns green.

'Twixt fever and chill after taking a pill,
His thoughts back to mother would roam,
So best way he could as a poor fellow would,
He traveled on slow journey home

One late autumn day as he shivering lay,
And pale as a ghost on his bed,
After breathing a sigh with a tear in his eye,
And quivering lips Benny said:

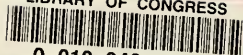
O mother dear pray for your Benny and say
He never had ague before,
And if he don't die, but gets well by and by,
He won't runaway any more.

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